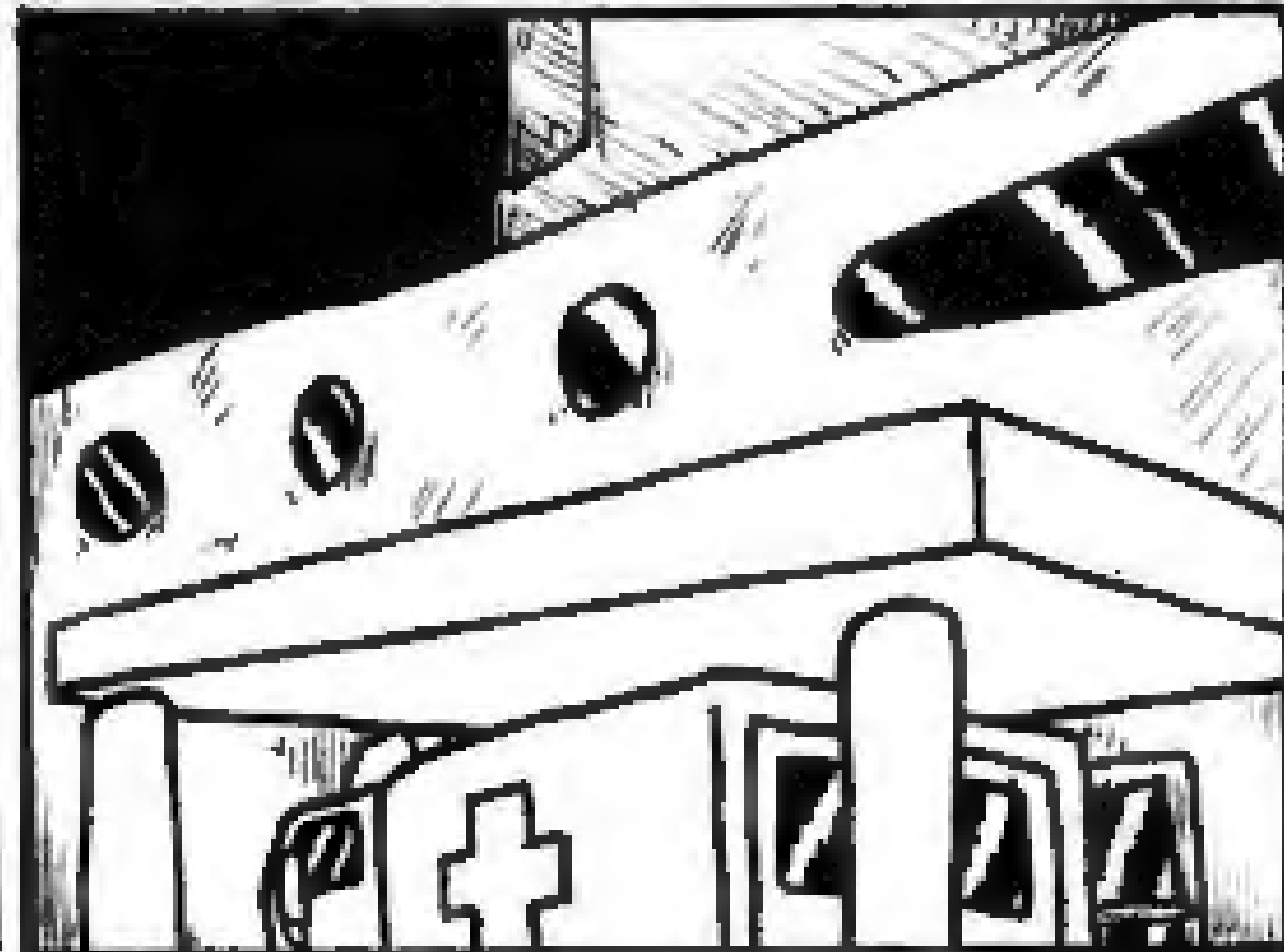


SIR, THIS IS THE COUNTY HOSPITAL. YOU WERE LISTED AS THE CONTACT FOR A RICHARD NICOLAIDES. HE WAS JUST BROUGHT TO THE ER AND—



WHAT DO YOU MEAN I CAN'T SEE HIM? I'M HIS ROOMMATE!

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT ONLY FAMILY MEMBERS ARE ALLOWED TO SEE ER PATIENTS.

HE LISTED ME AS HIS CONTACT!

I DON'T CARE. FAMILY ONLY.

YOU LET ME IN THERE RIGHT NOW, OR I'LL LET MYSELF IN.....

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, CAMPBELL?

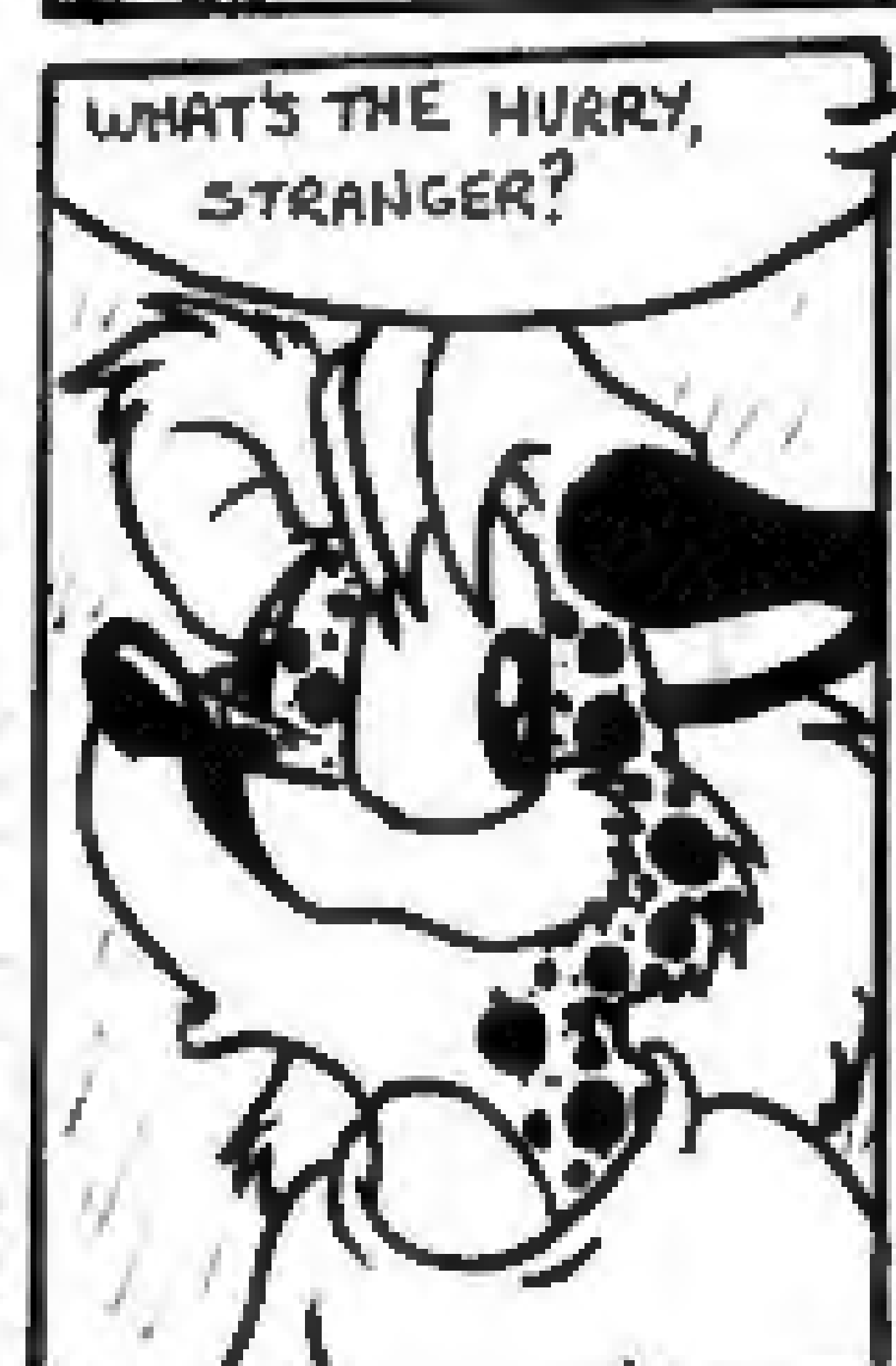
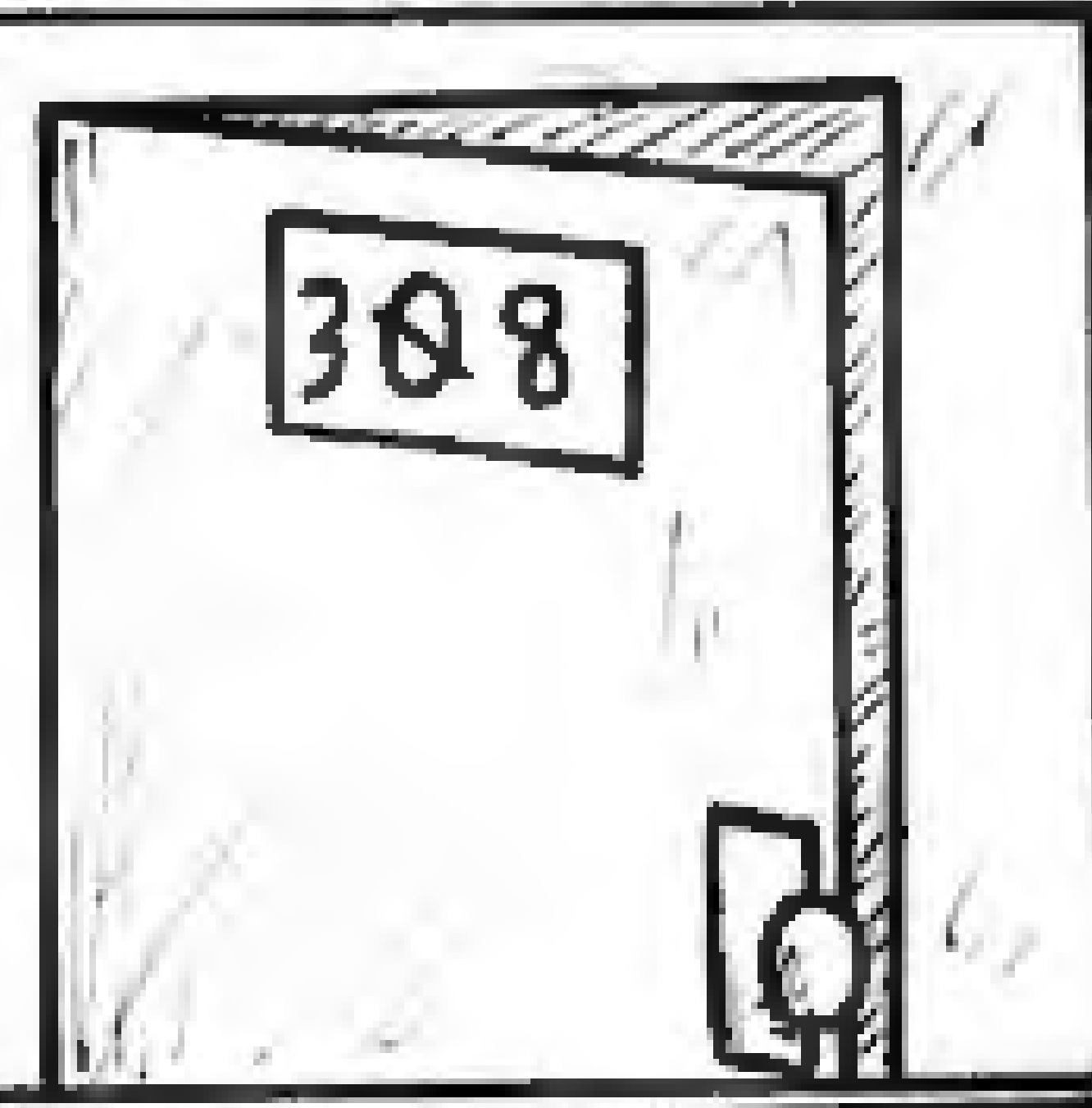
THIS LOONEY IS TRYING TO GET IN TO VISIT, BUT HE'S NOT FAMILY.

THE HELL I'M NOT! I'M ALL HE'S GOT, SO LET ME THROUGH!

HE'S MY PARTNER, OKAY?? MY LOVER!!

IF HE'S JUST A ROOMMATE, THEN—

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY. OUR ORDERLIES COULD USE A ROMP.



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU  
DOING OUT OF BED?



I HEARD SHOUTING AND  
FIGURED IT WAS YOU  
COMING FOR A VISIT.



SO YOU JUST HIT YOUR HEAD OR  
SOMETHING, RIGHT? YOU SCARED  
THE CRAP OUT OF ME.



UH, ACTUALLY I HAD A LITTLE FAINTING  
SPELL AT WORK, BUT I'M ALRIGHT.



AND EXPLAIN THAT.

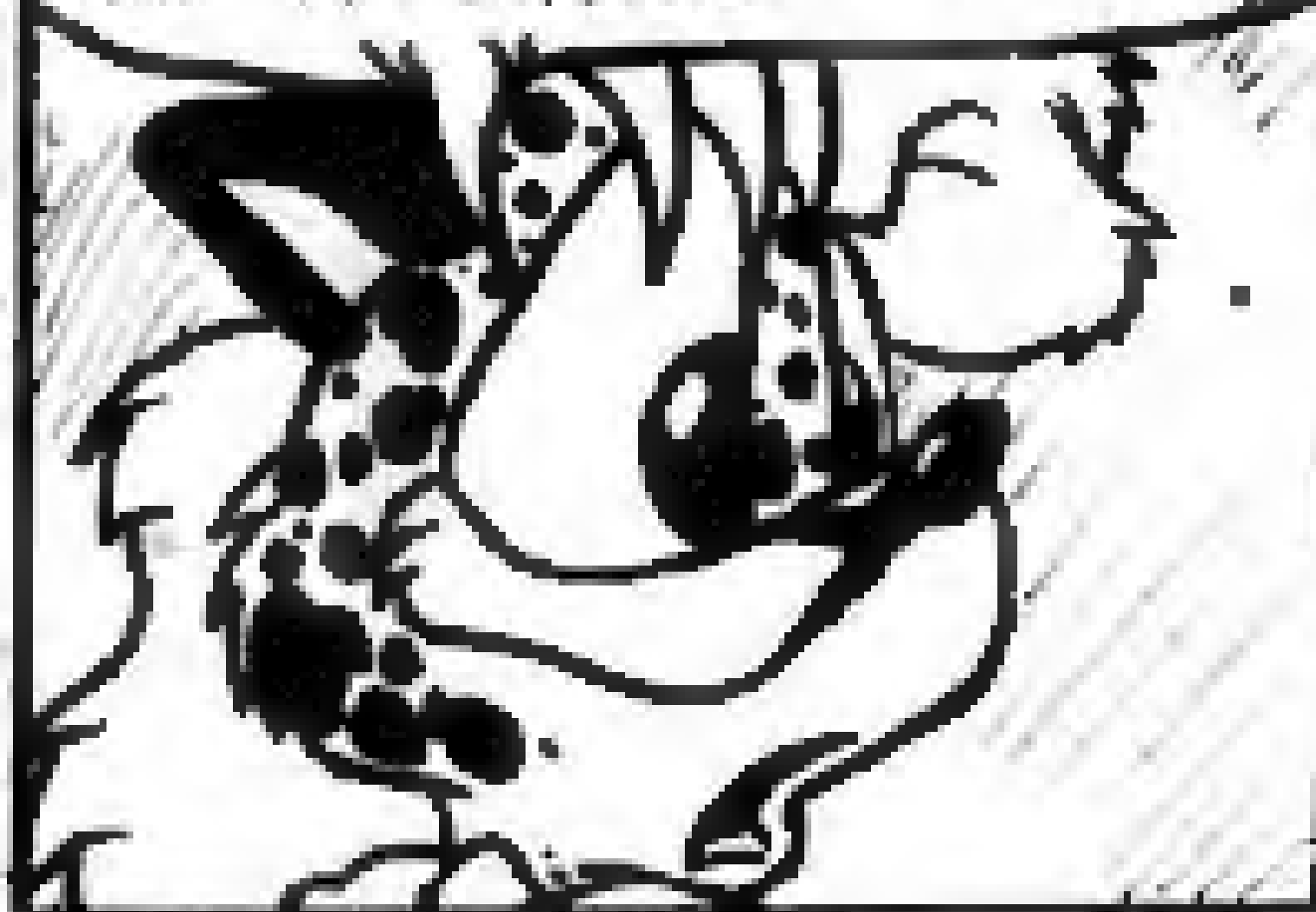
THEY NOTICED A LUMP  
WHEN I GOT HERE  
SO THE DOGS DID A  
BIOPSY JUST TO BE SAFE.  
I'M A BIT SORE, BUT  
I'M SURE I'LL BE  
FINE.



RELAX.



THE LOVE OF MY LIFE IS  
SITTING IN AN EMERGENCY  
ROOM WITH A LUMP IN HIS HEAD,  
AND I'M SUPPOSED TO RELAX?!



DEAR ONE, WATCH  
YOUR BLOOD  
PRESSURE.



THEY FOUND A  
LUMP, RICHARD.



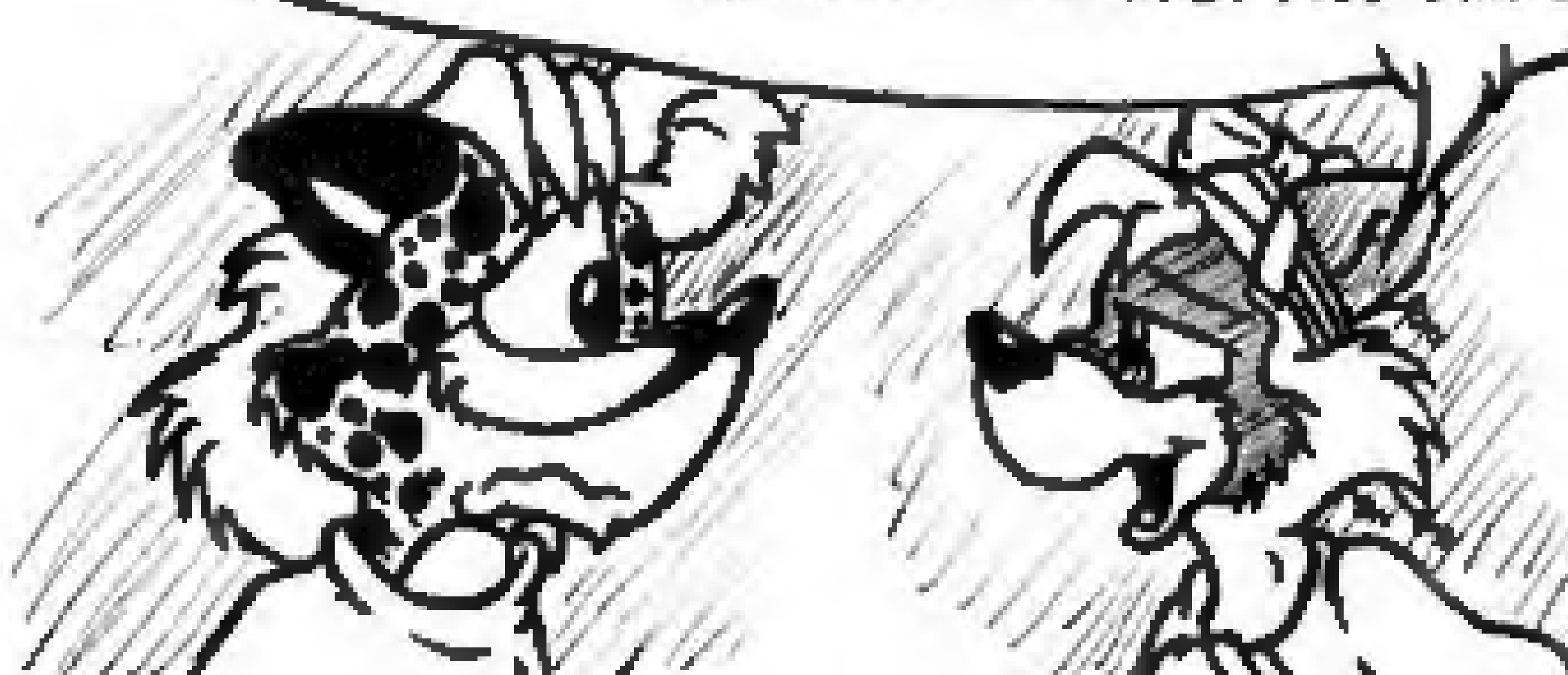
IT'S WHAT'S  
LEFT OF MY  
BRAIN.



STOP JOKING  
AROUND!



SHH, IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. NOW GO HOME. I'LL HEAD TO TACO  
HELL AFTER I CHECK OUTTA HERE AND WE CAN HAVE A NICE,  
SOPHISTICATED FAST FOOD DINNER PARTY.



MR. NICOLAIDES?

AH, DOCTOR SULLIVAN, THIS IS MY BOYFRIEND, ARTISAN, ARTY? THIS IS DOCTOR AURTHOR. ART AND ART. RIGHT?



RICHARD, YOUR BIOPSY RESULTS JUST CAME BACK.



I'M AFRAID IT'S CANCER....



YOU KNEW, DIDN'T YOU?  
THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED  
ME TO GO HOME.  
YOU KNEW...



I DIDN'T WANT YOU  
TO WORRY...



WELL, I'M WORRIED  
NOW, AREN'T I??



THE BEST OPTION IS TO  
TRY TO SHRINK THE TUMOR  
WITH CHEMOTHERAPY.



RIGHT NOW ITS TOO LARGE AND TANGLED  
TO REMOVE, BUT IF WE'RE SUCCESSFUL WITH  
THE CHEMO, IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO RISK  
SURGERY.



SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.  
I'M UP FOR IT. ART?





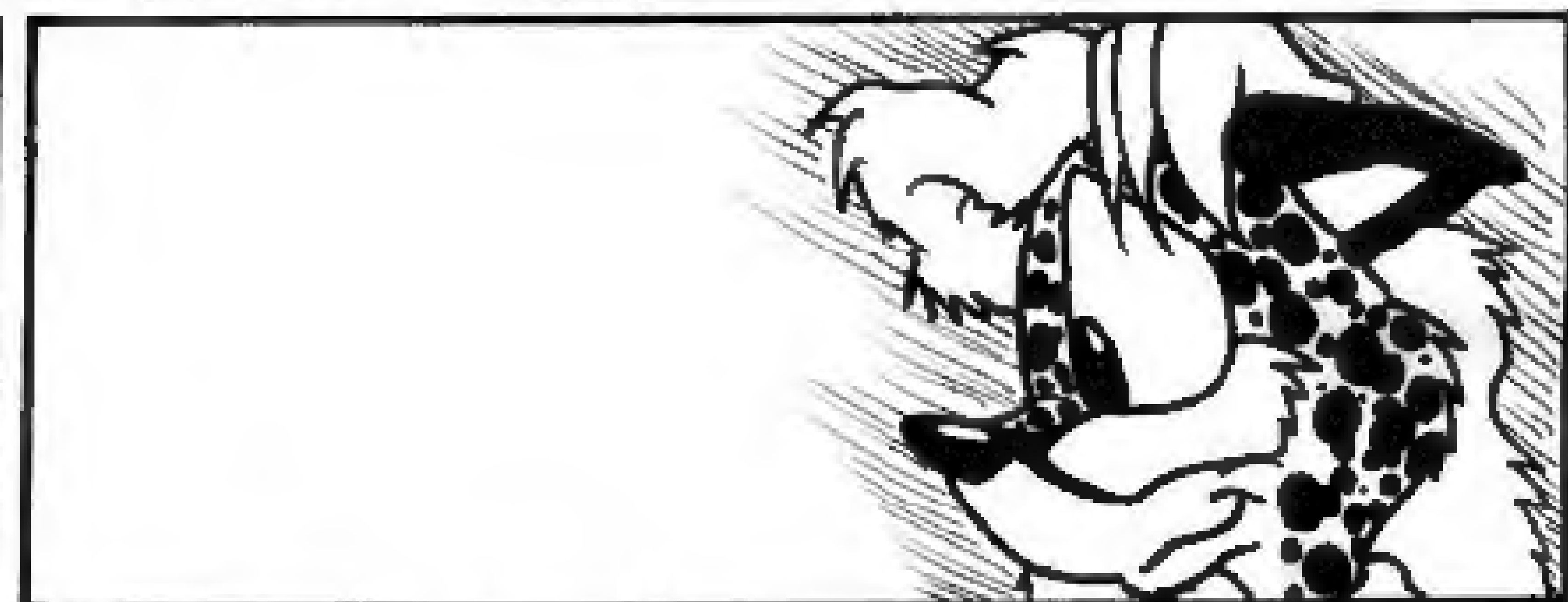


SHE WAS A RABBIT AND HE WAS A FOLF AND SHE WAS IN THE BED JUST DOWN THE HALL FROM HERE.

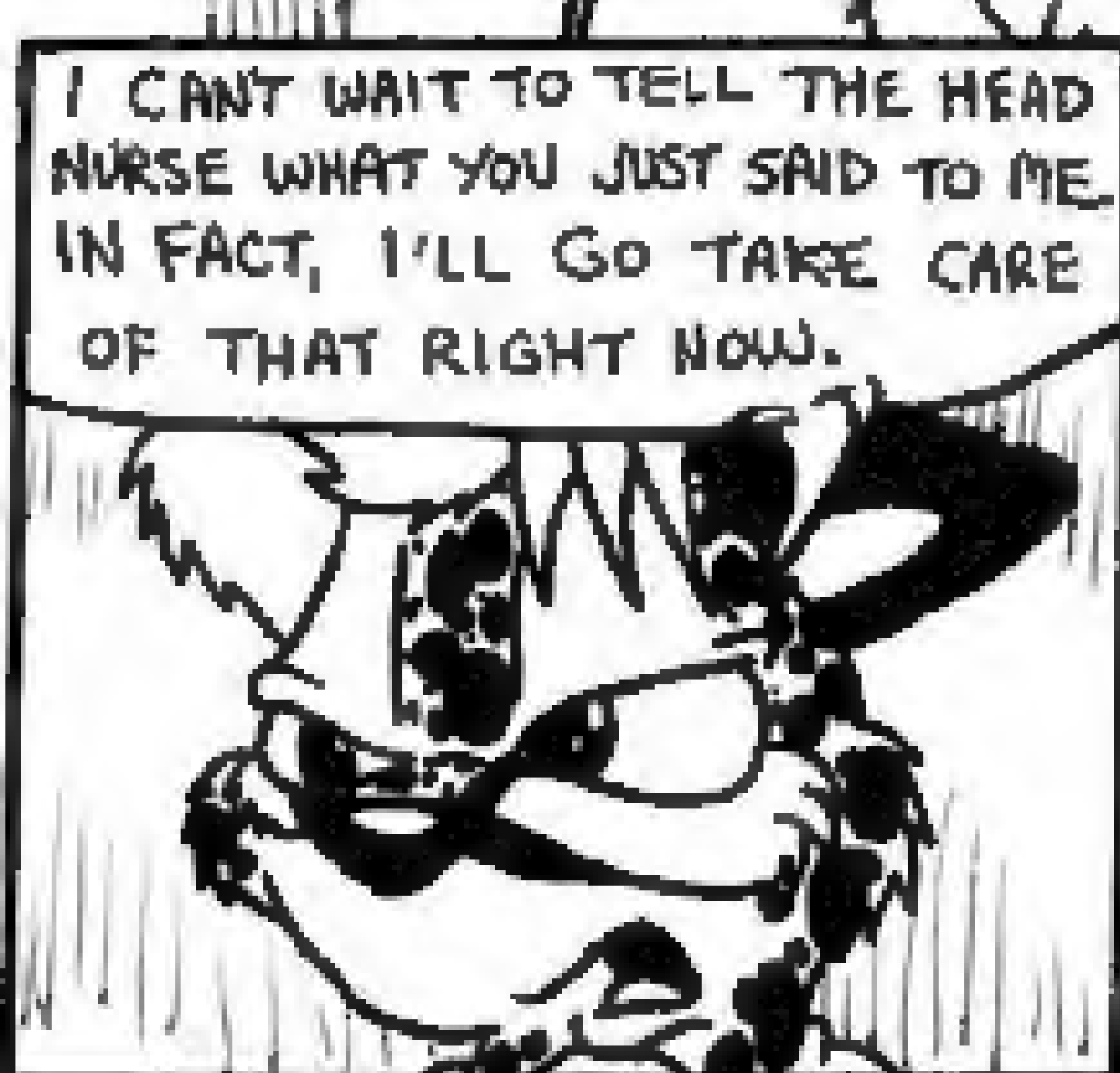


IT WAS ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS I'VE EVER HAD TO DO, TELLING HIM THAT HIS LOVER HAD DIED.









DON'T YOU EVEN **THINK**  
ABOUT DISAPPOINTING ME, MISS  
MARTEN!



YOU'RE NOT TO HAVE A DAY OFF WORK UNTIL I GET OUT  
OF THE HOSPITAL! PERIOD! I DON'T CARE IF  
YOU ARE DYING, YOU'LL DEAL!



OH, BY THE WAY, MISS MARTEN,  
YOUR PAY IS BEING CUT IN  
HALF!



HAHAHA! OF COURSE I'M  
NOT BEING SERIOUS, MY DARLING! YOU  
CAUGHT ON PRETTY QUICK. I'M SORRY  
I COULDN'T RESIST.



I MISS YOU TOO, SWEET ONE. YEAH I'LL TELL  
HIM, THANKS. TAKE CARE AND DON'T  
WORK TOO HARD.



WHAT HAVE I  
TOLD YOU ABOUT  
PLAYING PRANKS ON  
'YOUR CO-WORKERS  
VINCH?

NOTHING. YOU GAVE  
ME POINTERS.



TOUCHÉ, LOVE. YOU  
ACTUALLY HAD ME SCARED.  
I THOUGHT THE TUMOR  
WAS SHORT-CIRCUITING  
YOUR BRAIN.



GOOD EVENING, NURSE  
CAMPBELL!



HMPP.

WHY DO YOU EVEN BOTHER  
TRYING TO TALK TO HIM? HE  
DOESN'T DESERVE IT.



DON'T EVER LET ME CATCH YOU TALKING TO CAMPBELL AGAIN. HE'S A BIGOT AND I HATE H.M. IN FACT, I'M GOING TO PRAY HE GETS CANCER.



HE'S THE ONE WHO DESERVES IT, NOT YOU.



THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I'D WISH ON ANYONE.



WELL, I WOULD. I'D INJECT IT WITH A GOD DAMNED NEEDLE MYSELF IF I COULD.



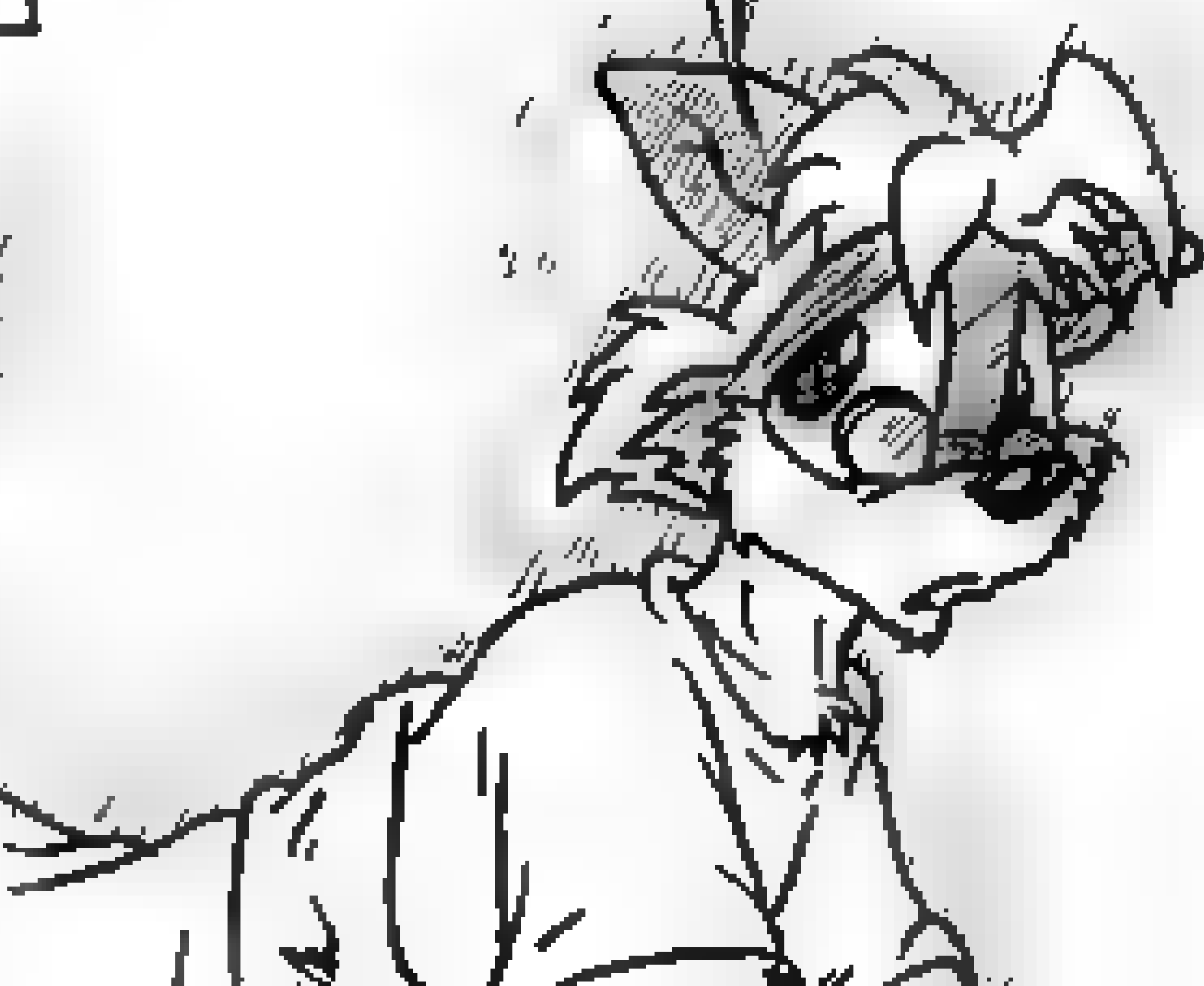
ANGER CAN BE JUST AS DEADLY, YOU KNOW. IT LATCHES ONTO YOU, IT FEEDS, AND FINALLY TAKES OVER... IT'S JUST LIKE CANC—

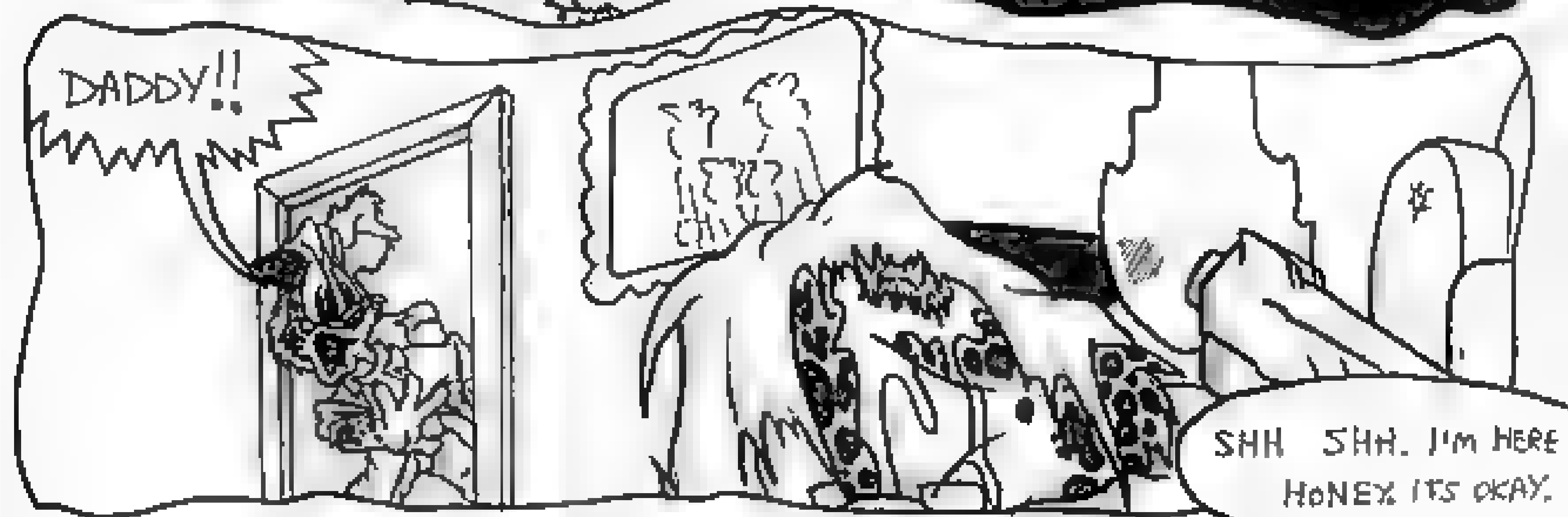


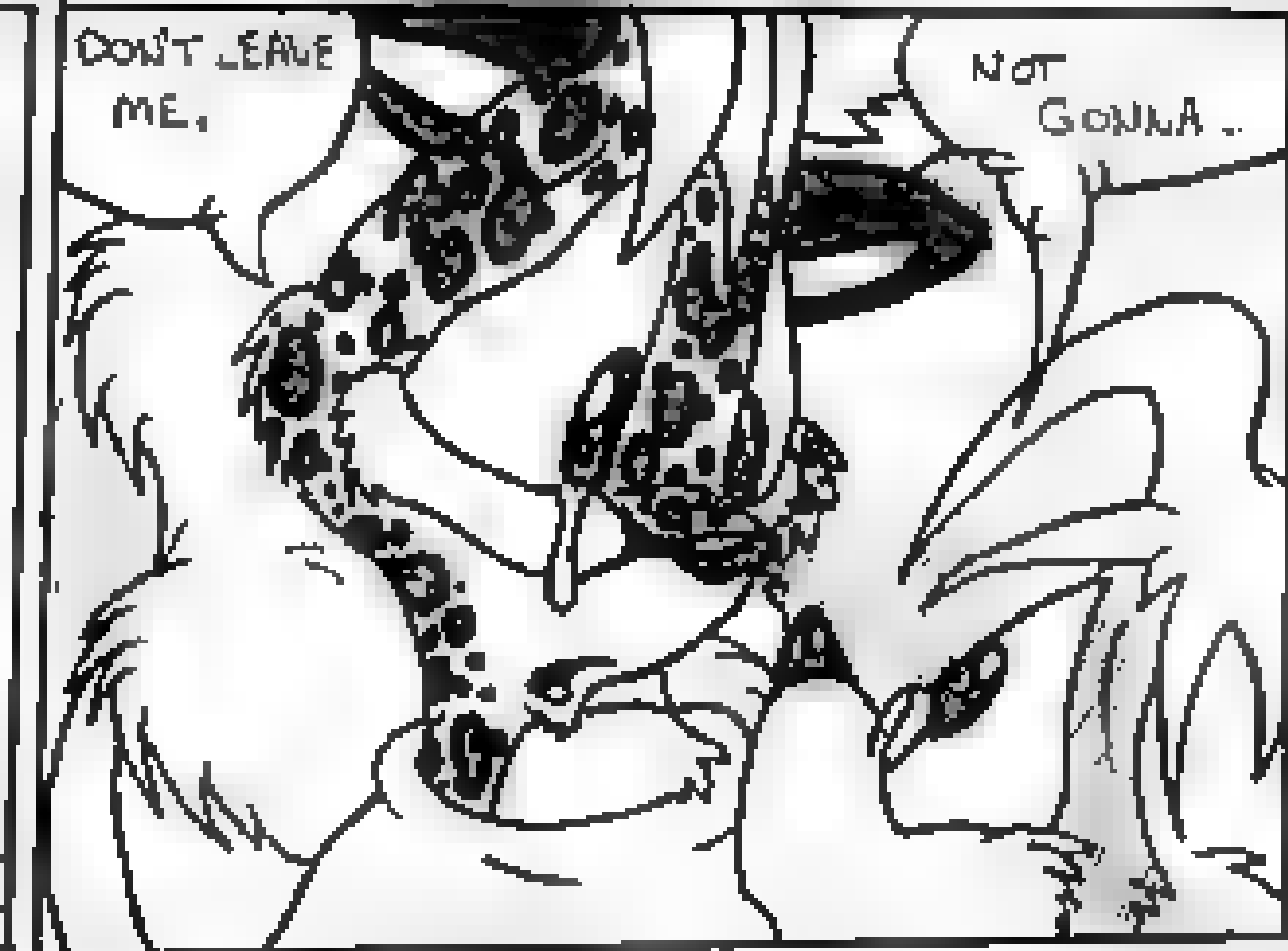
SHUT UP!!



I'VE GOT A BIT OF A HEADACHE, SWEET LOVE. I NEED A NAP.









DO YOU HAVE TEN MGS OF COMPazine?

YEAH. WHO THEY FOR?  
MR. NICOLAIDES?

YUP. HE'S NOT A  
HAPPY CAMPER  
TODAY

HANG IN THERE

THIS SHOULD HELP. ILL  
BE ABOUT A HALF AN  
HOUR BEFORE THEY  
KICK IN, BUT THEY  
WILL.

GOD, I HOPE SO...

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE DEVELOPED AN  
INFECTION. THEY'RE A NASTY SETBACK BUT  
THEY'RE COMMON DURING CHEMO SO THERE  
SHOULD BE NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

YOU... OKAY?

I MISS SEX.

YEAH, NO  
KIDDING.

DID I PASS MY LATEST TEST?



NO SIGNS OF SHRINKAGE YET. WE MIGHT NEED TO KICK THE TREATMENT UP A NOTCH, BUT WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN WAIT UNTIL THIS INFECTION CLEARS.



VINCI? YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEAVE ME, RIGHT?



THAT'S ABOUT THE FOUR-HUNDREDTH TIME YOU'VE ASKED ME THAT.



AND??



CRAZY GOOF, I -



ARTY DEAR ONE.... M'NOT CERTAIN I CAN BE COMPLETELY POSITIVE OF THAT NOW.



NO...NO...DON'T SAY THAT

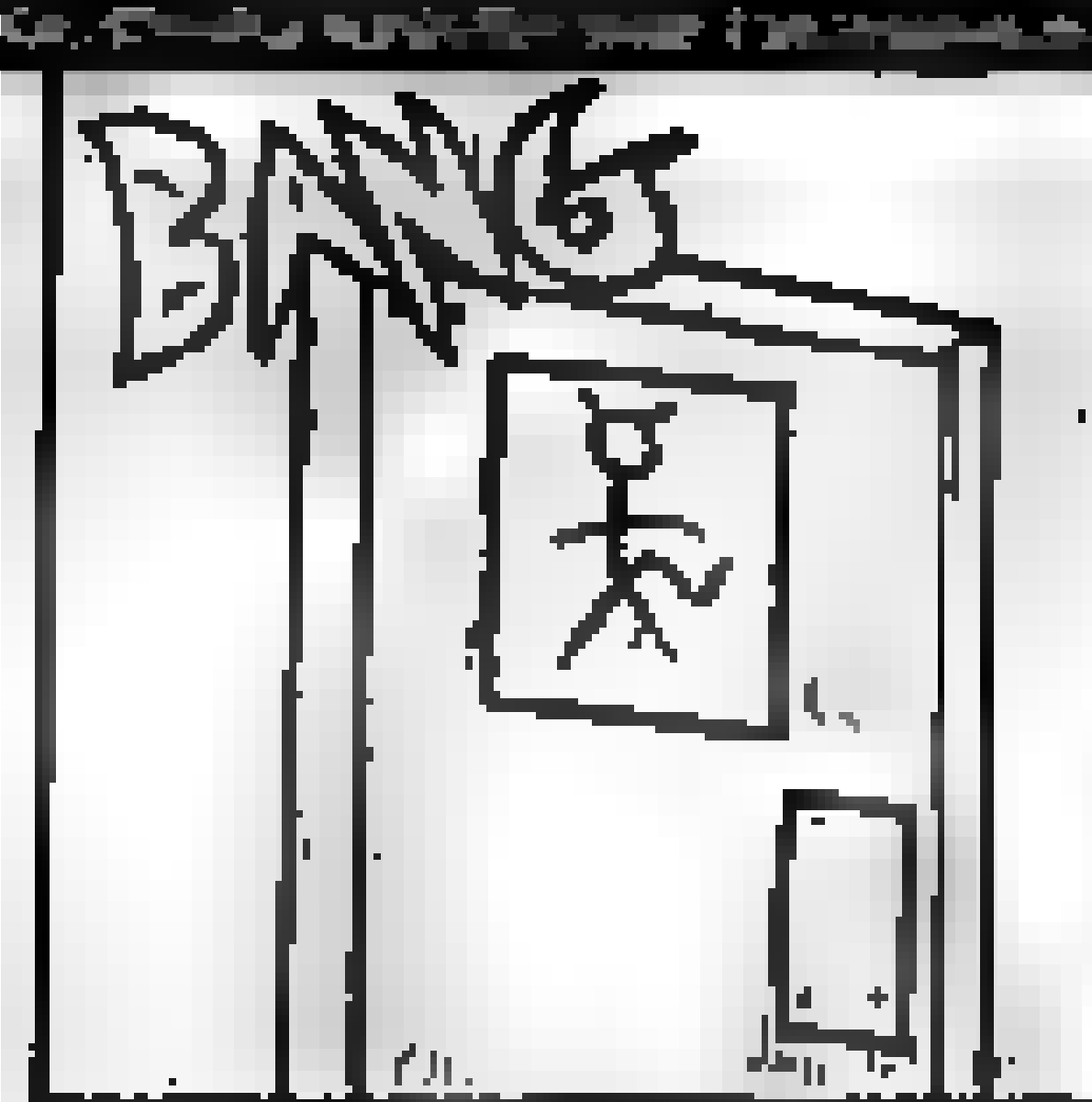


ARTY.  
DON'T.



NO!





THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE GIVEN, PLEASE HEAR MY REQUEST.



IF IT IS MY TIME, GOD, SEND AN ANGEL TO WATCH OVER ARTISAN. AMEN.



AHEM...

AH, MY KNIGHT IN SHINING NURSE SCRUBS.



YOU COULD AT LEAST PRETEND YOU'RE SINCERE.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M NOT?

YOU'D SMILE.



I AM YOU'RE JUST NOT LOOKING.



WHY BE SO FUCKING CRYPTIC ABOUT IT?



FIRST IMPRESSIONS... DON'T BELIEVE IN 'EM, S'WHY.

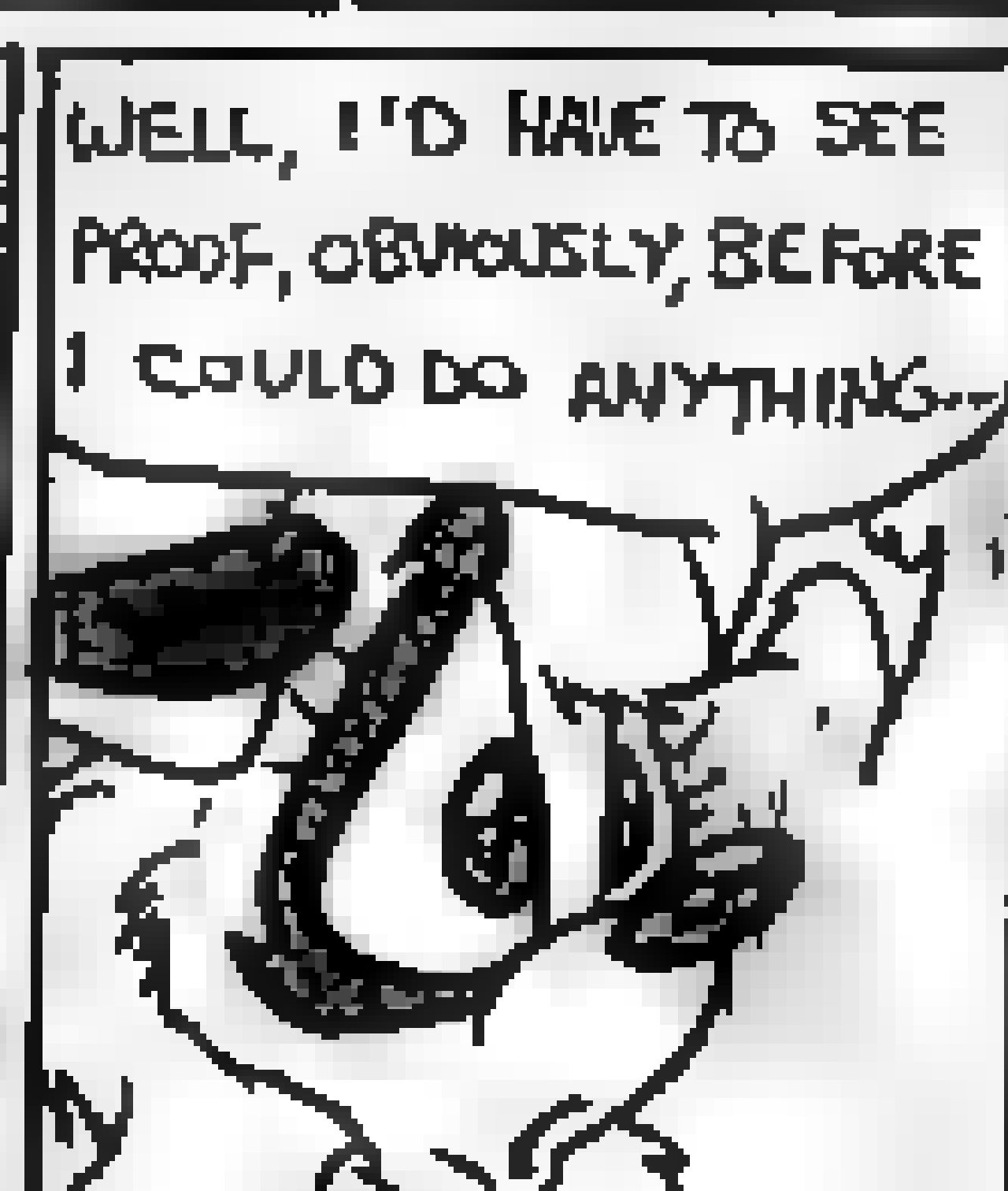
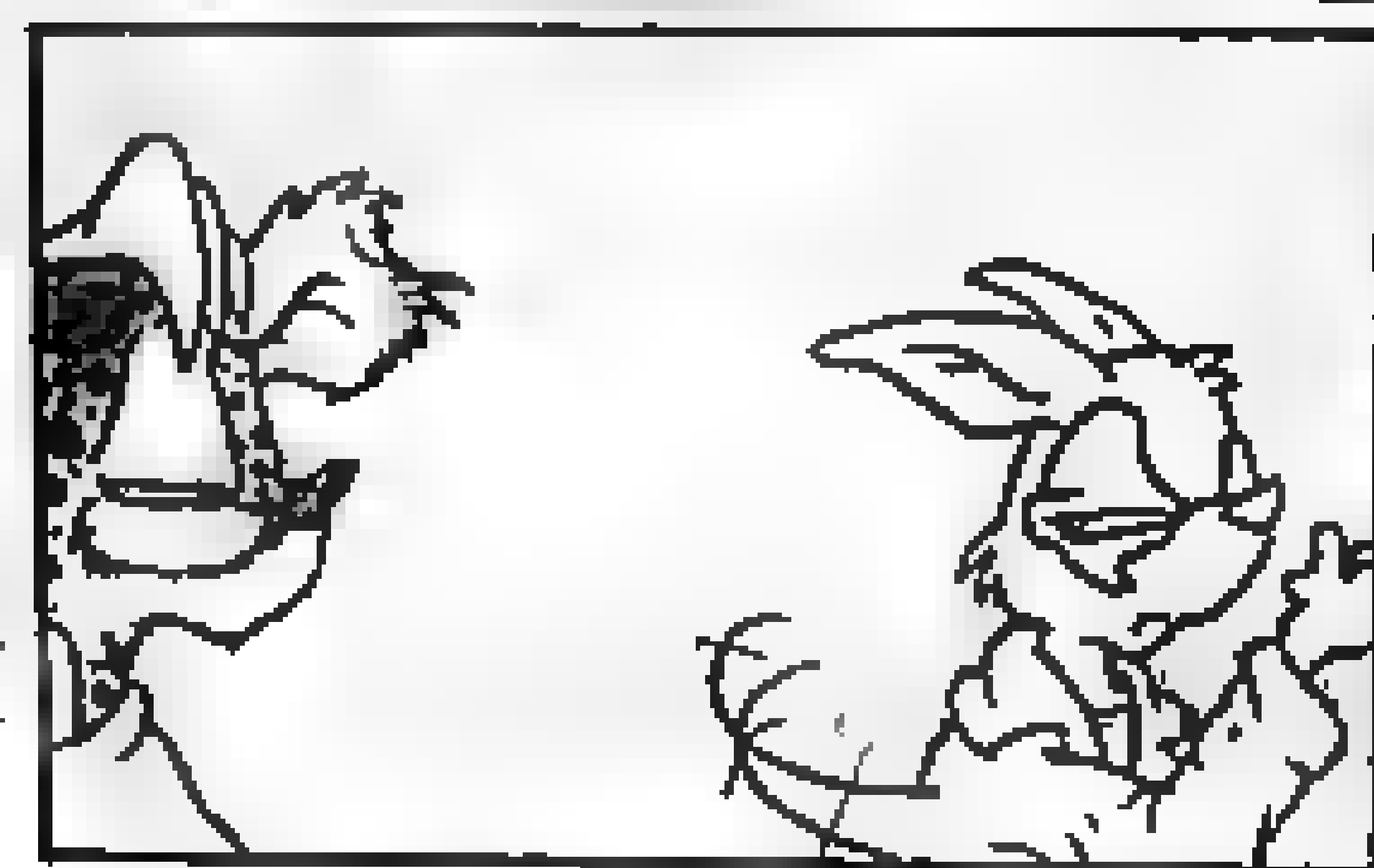
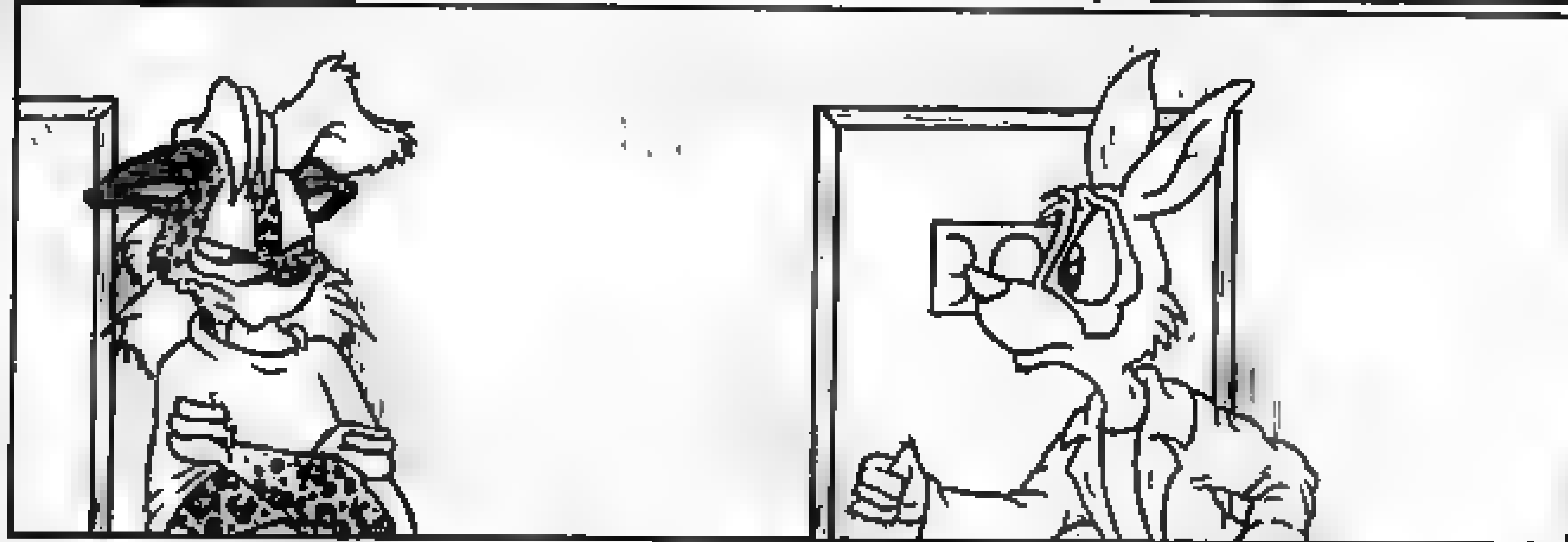
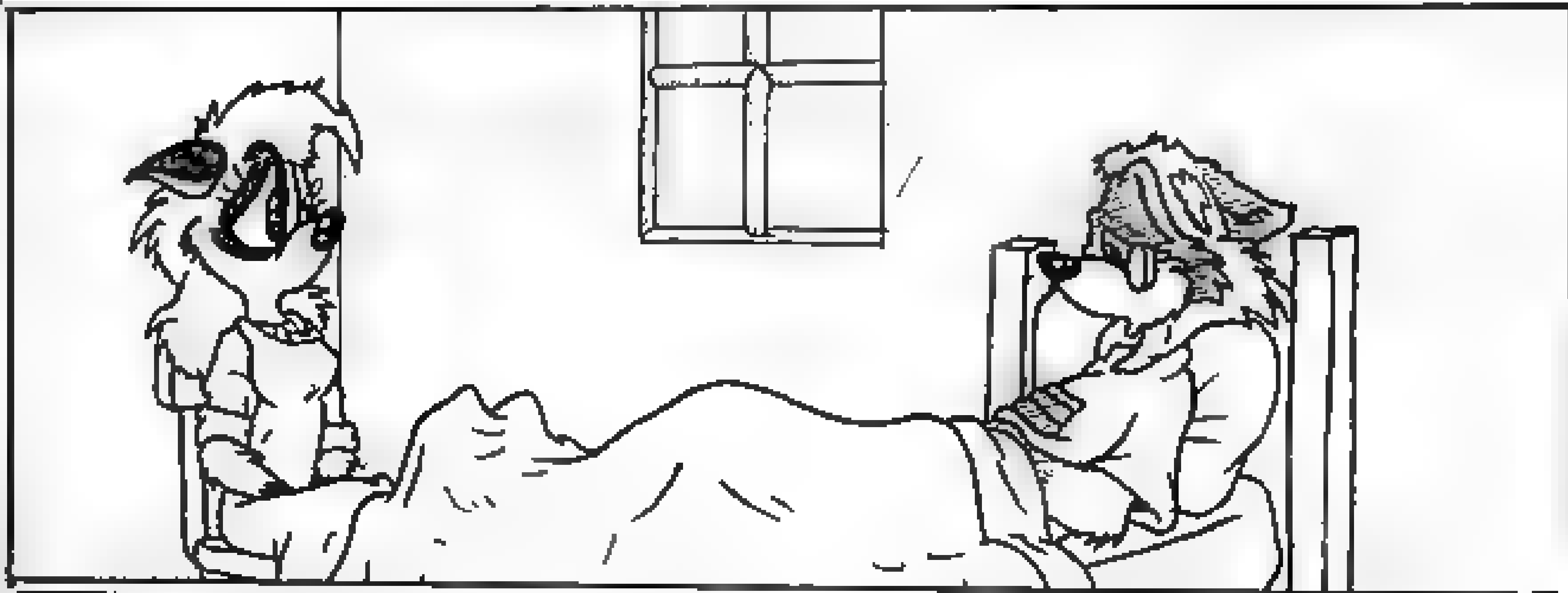


MMEF... STUFF'S GOT A REAL KICK...

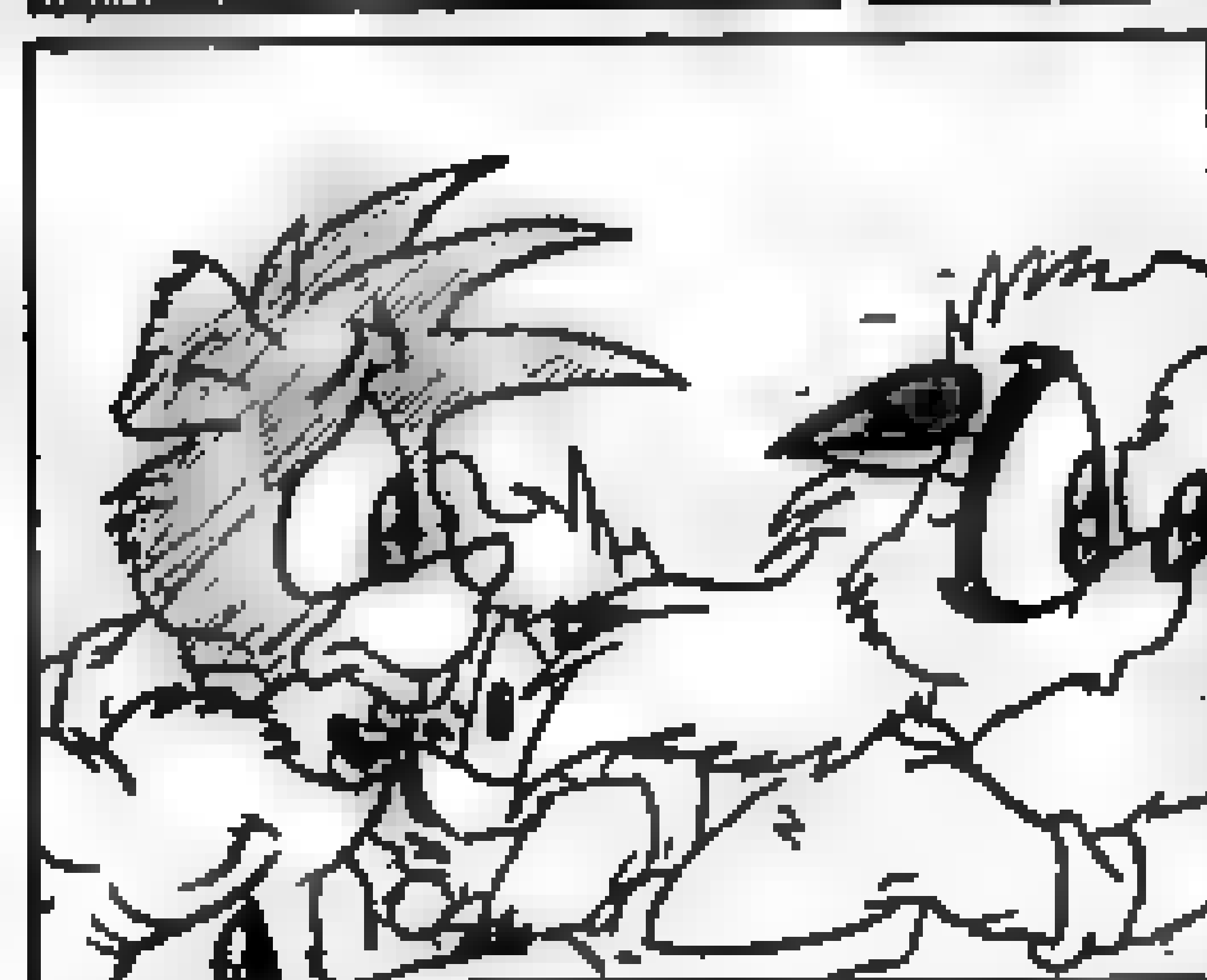
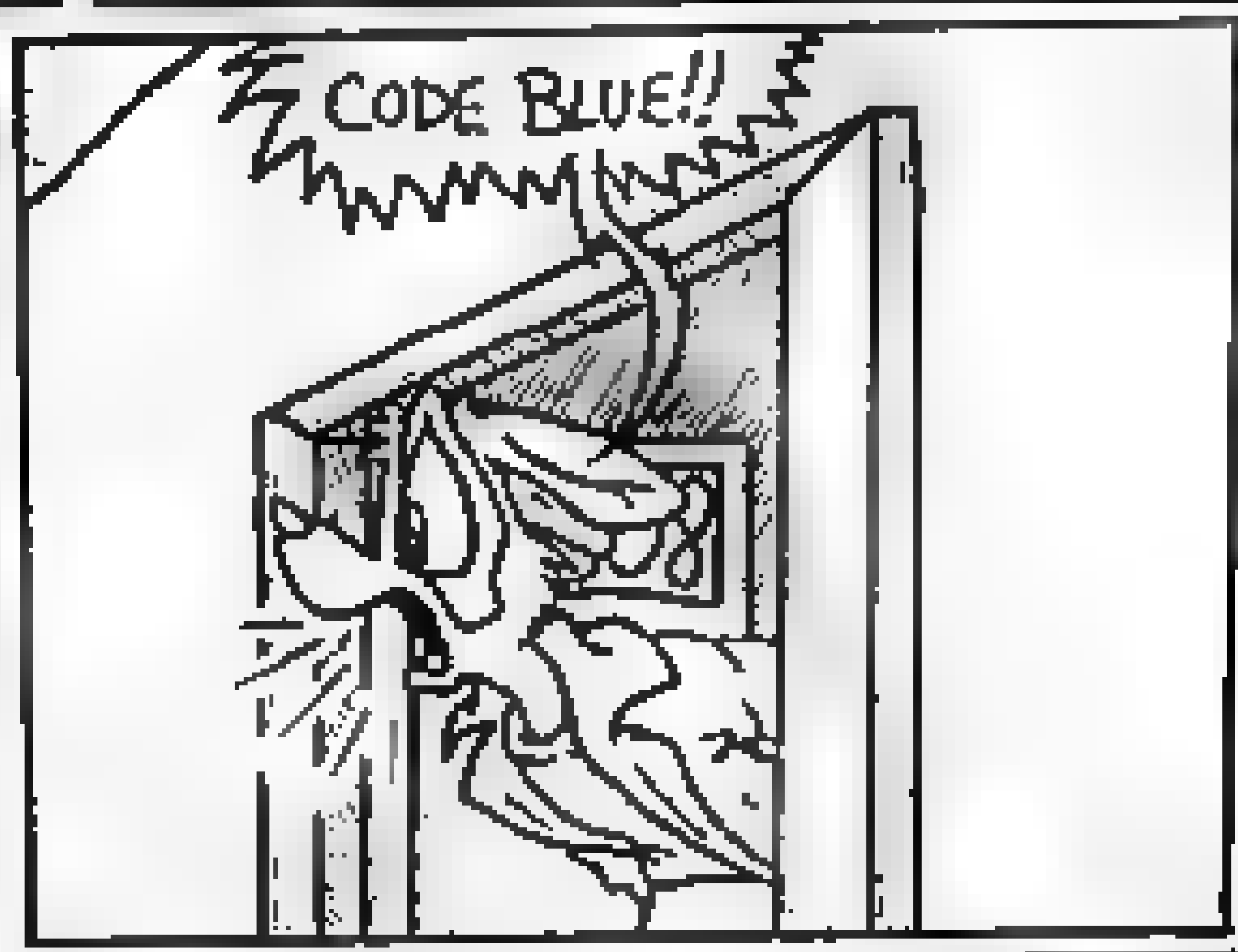
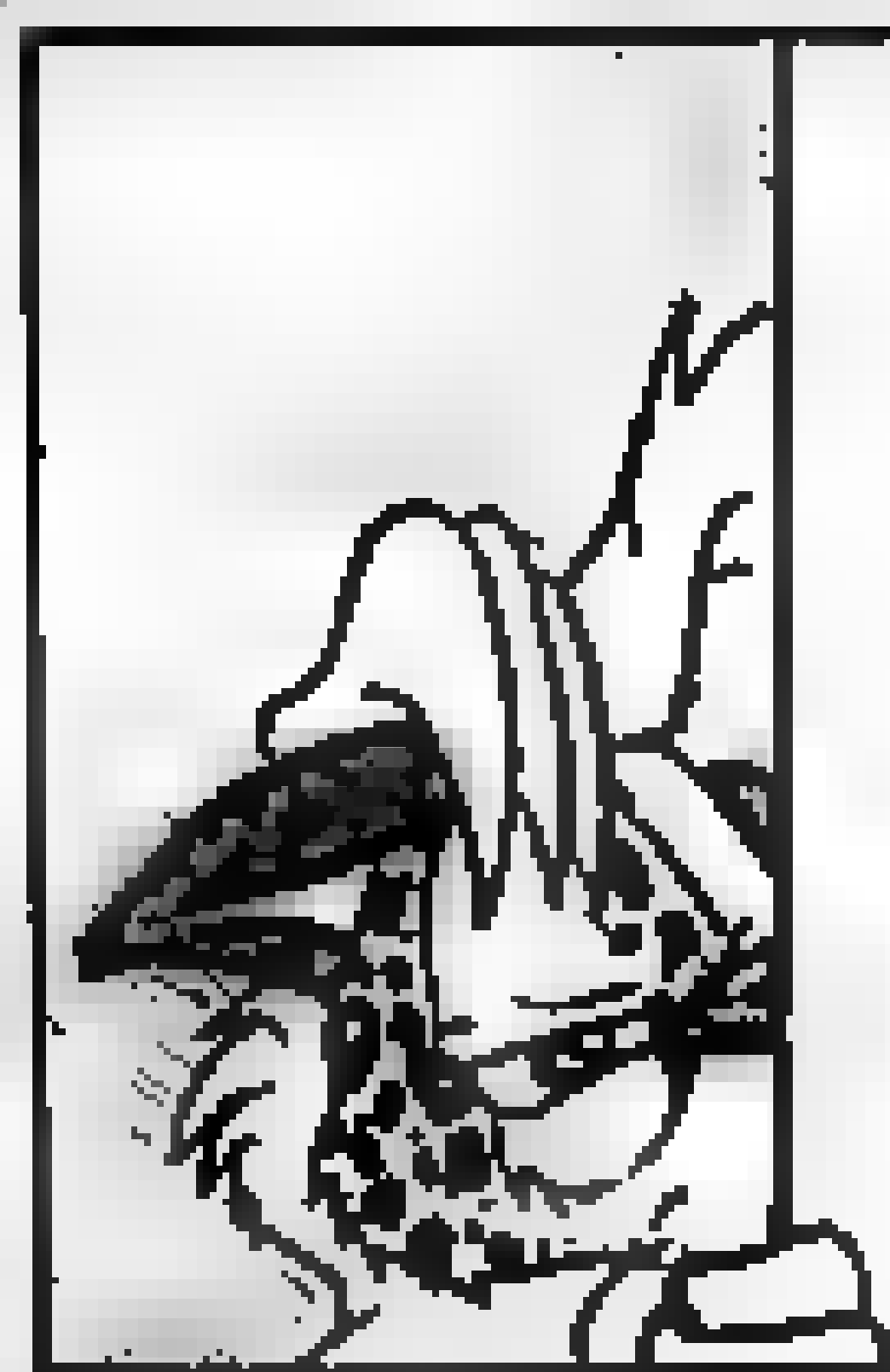


THANK YOU, JEREMY...













ARTY....



ARTY...!!



I'LL PROVE IT.  
SHOW'EM HE  
WAS POISONED...



GONNA GET'IM...  
GONNA MAKE'IM PAY. ...



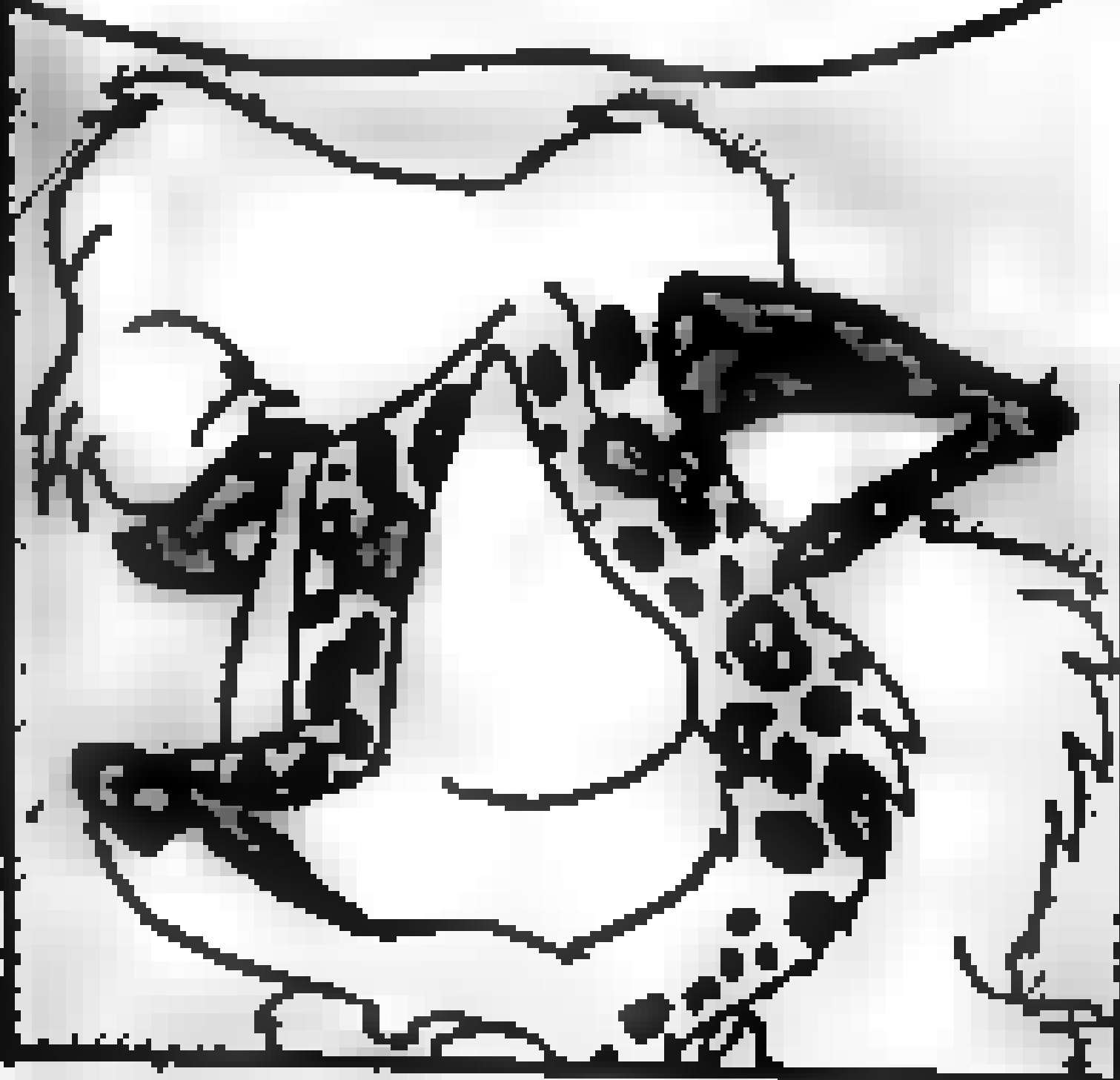
GONNA....



THE  
SQUARE

2

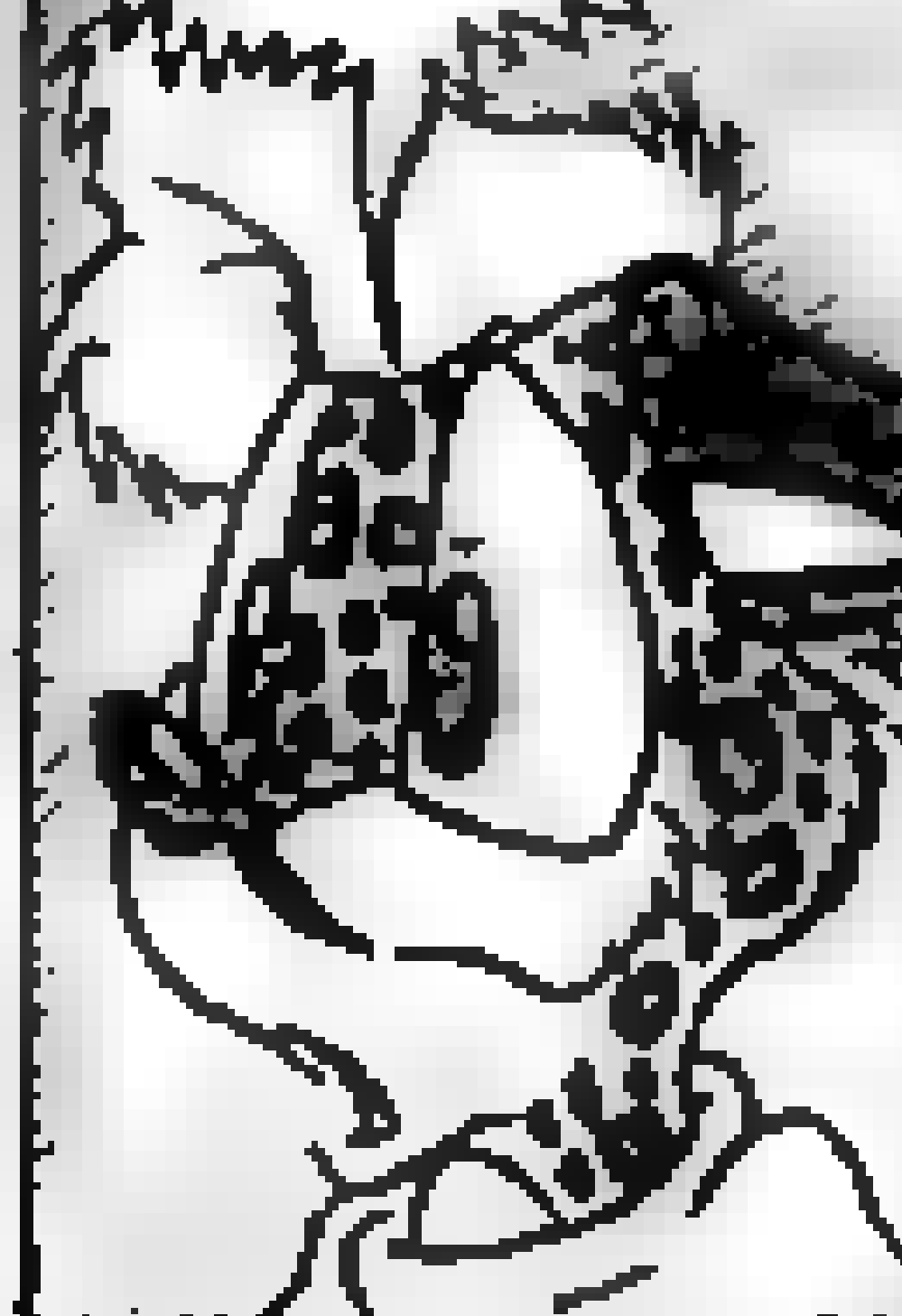
ARTY... GET UP...



HUH... WHO—



DAD!



HI, KIDDO.  
BEEN A LONG TIME.



ARTY, I DON'T HAVE LONG.  
YOUR LOVER IS GOING TO  
DIE TONIGHT UNLESS—



DAD! HELP ME!  
STOP CAMPBELL! HE'S  
POISONING HIM! I  
NEED TO STOP HIM!



ARTY...



HE NEEDS TO BE  
STOPPED! DEAD!



ARTISAN! CAMPBELL IS NOT  
POISONING YOUR LOVER...



IT'S YOU, ARTY. YOU'RE  
THE ONE DOING IT.



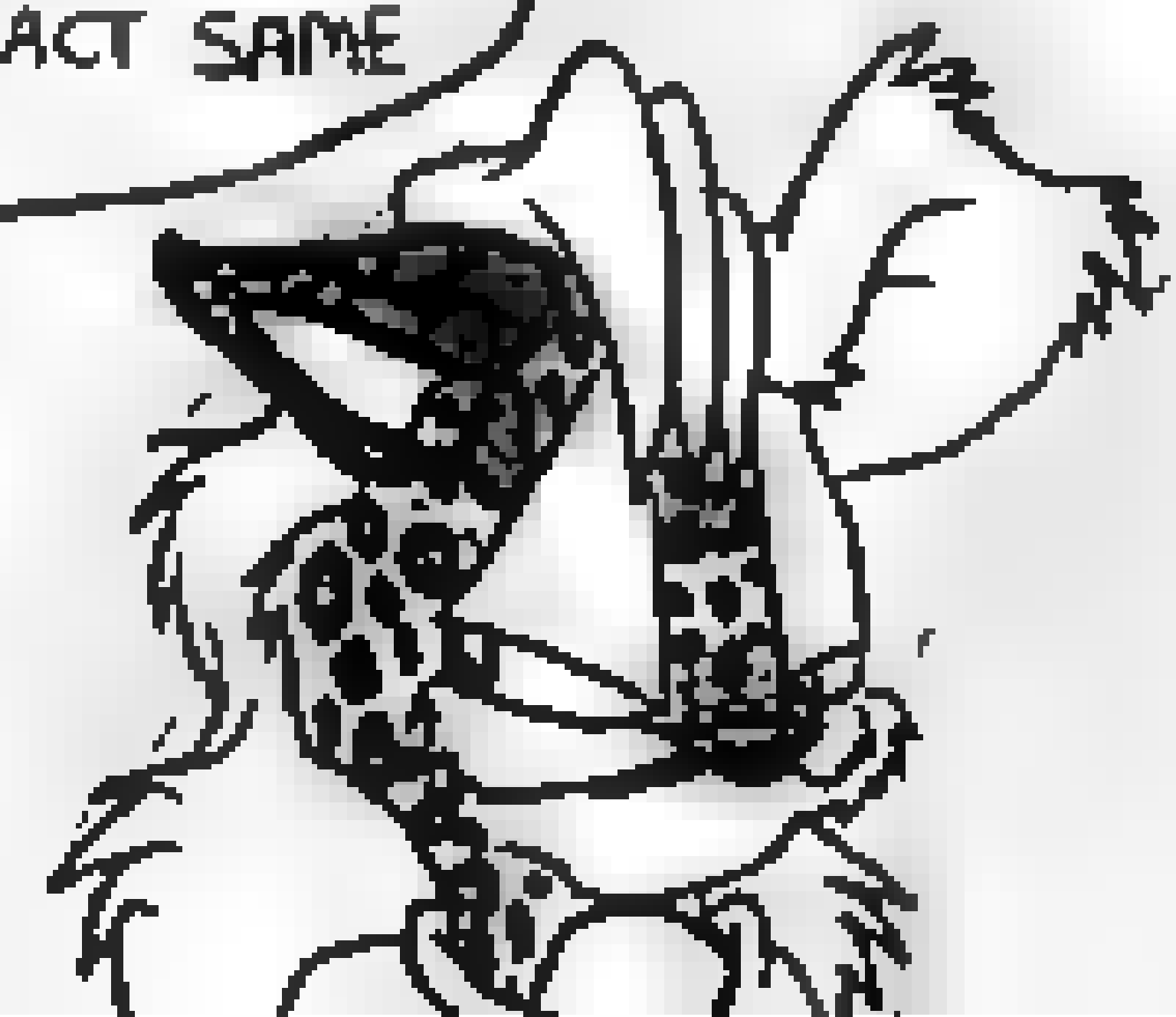
I'D DIE BEFORE  
I'D HURT VINCI...

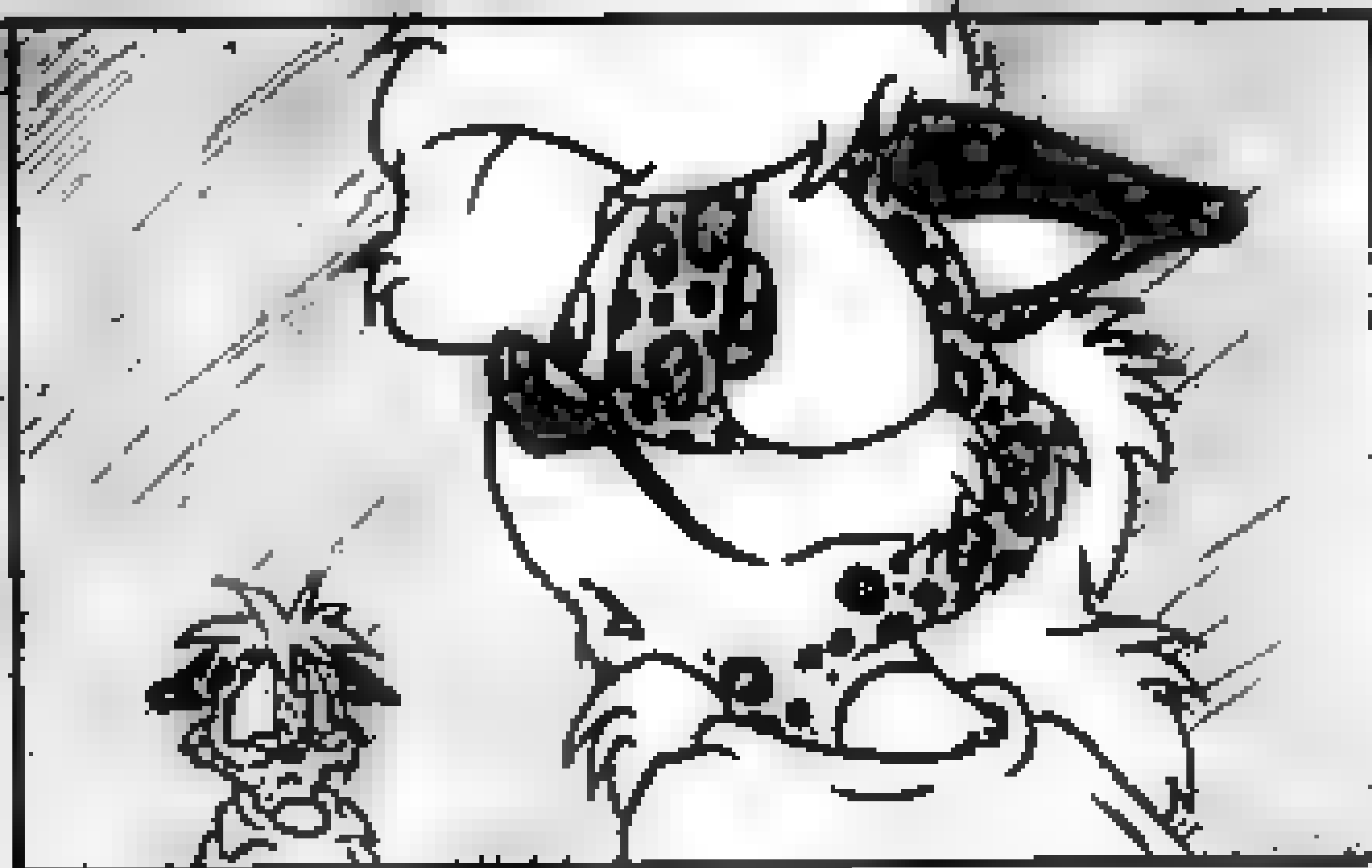


WHY SHOULD I TRUST  
YOU? YOU'VE CAUSED  
ME NOTHING BUT PAIN.  
WHY THE FUCK SHOULD  
I TRUST YOU??



BECAUSE I'M BEING PUNISHED  
IN HELL FOR DOING THE EXACT SAME  
THING TO YOU...





I WAS WRONG, ARTISAN. I REALIZED THIS SECONDS AFTER I SHUFFED MY LIFE. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN SO SELFISH.



DO YOU HAVE ANY GOD-DAMN IDEA HOW GUILTY I'VE FELT ALL THESE YEARS?



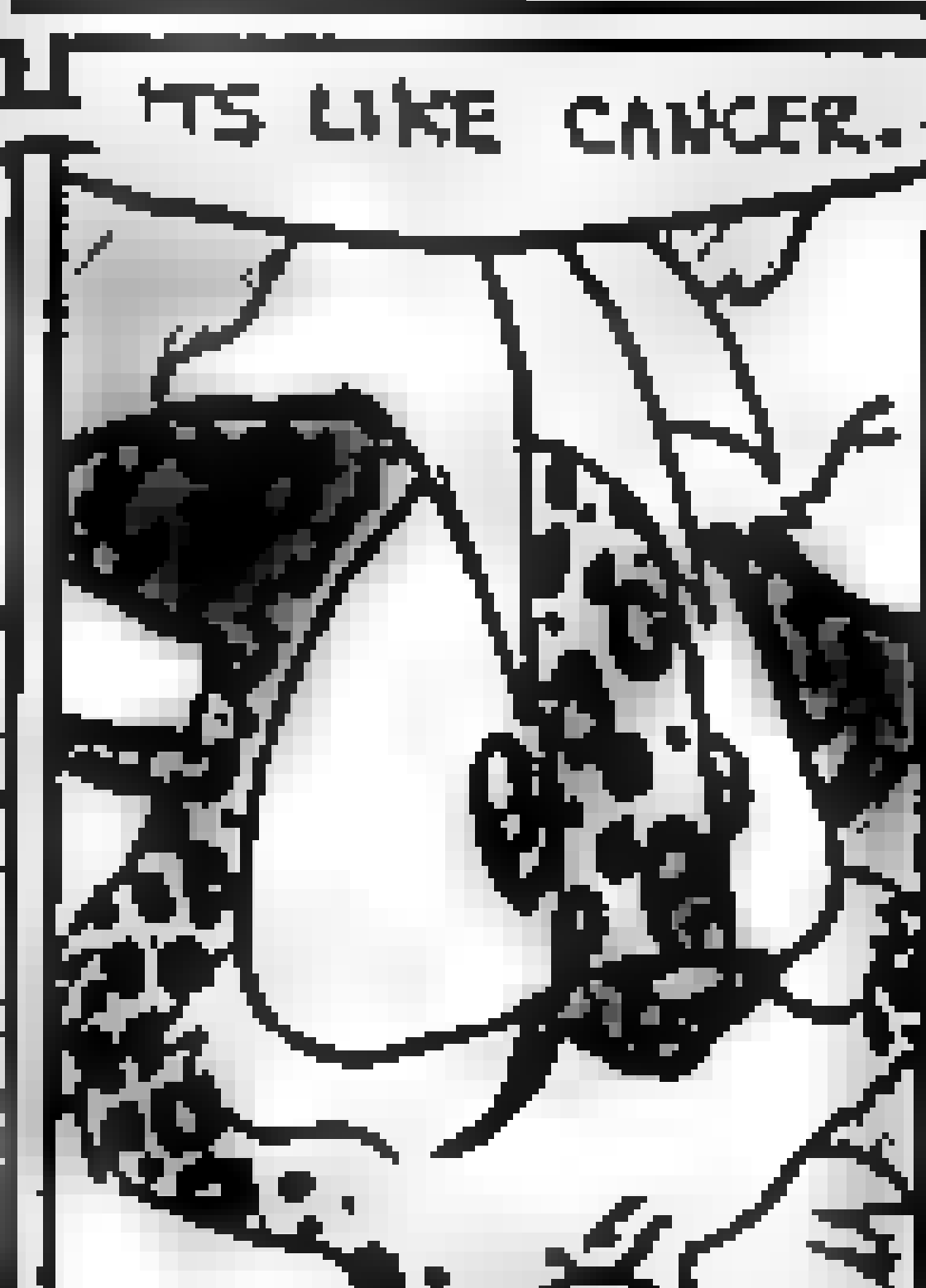
DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I'VE HATED YOU FOR IT?



I KNOW NOW, ARTISAN. I'VE HAD TO WATCH YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY DEATH WHILE I KNEW FULL-WELL THAT IT WAS MY FAULT AND MINE ALONE.



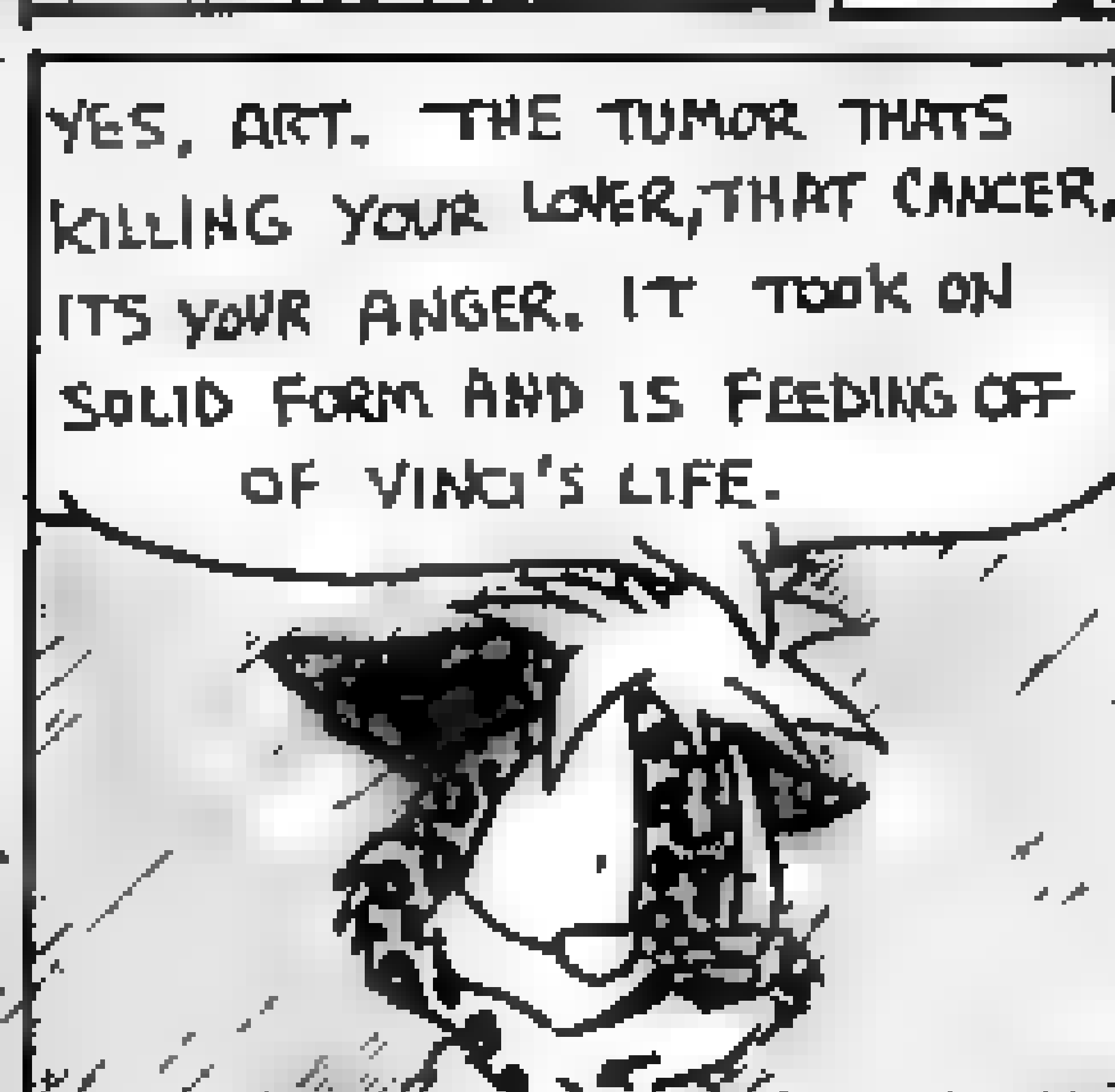
I WAS AN ANGRY PERSON, SON, BUT IT WAS ALL ANGER TOWARDS MYSELF. I LET IT TAKE OVER MY LIFE. ANGER'S LIKE THAT. IT FESTERS... GROWS...



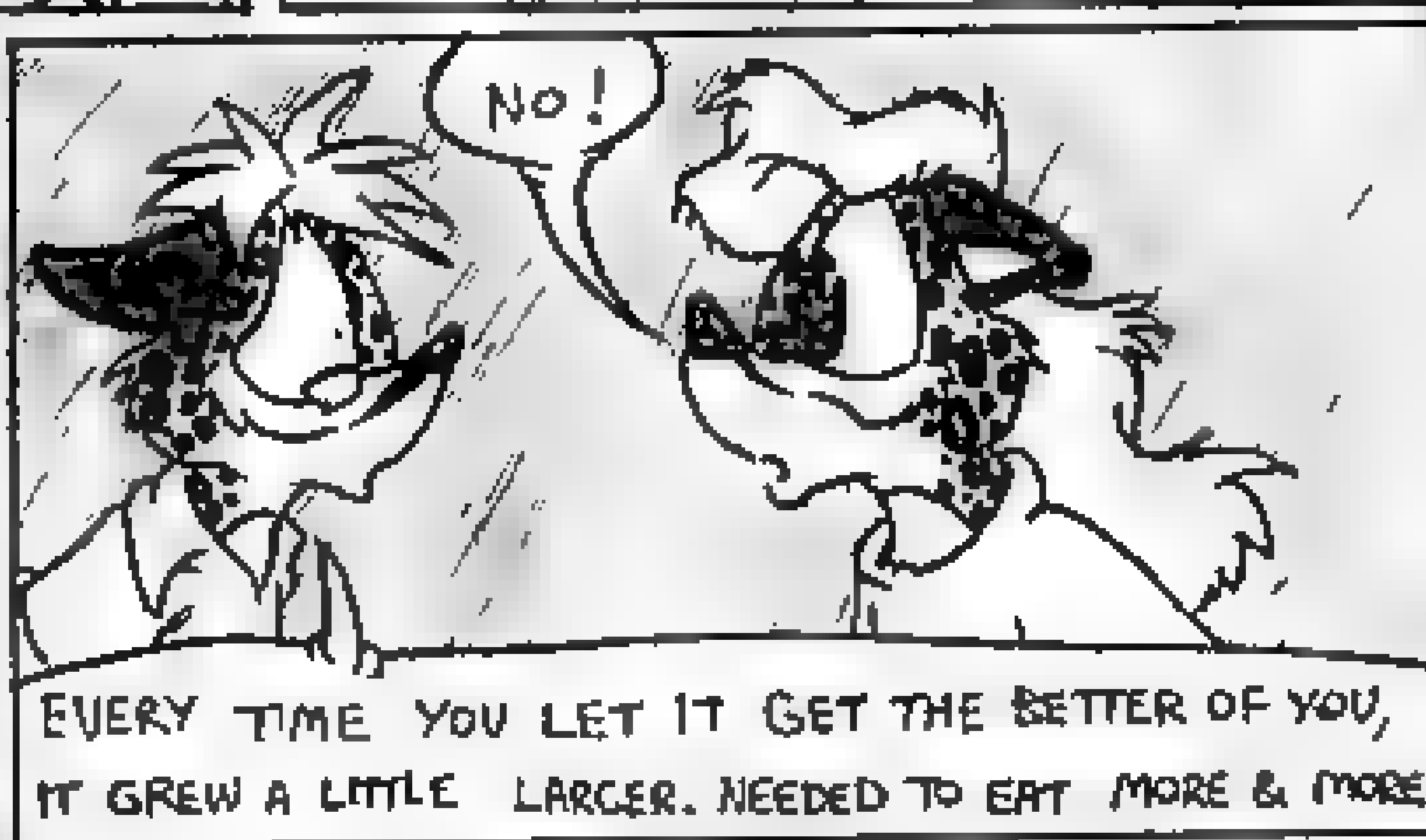
IT'S LIKE CANCER.



MY PUNISHMENT IN HELL WAS TO WATCH IT HAPPEN ALL OVER AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME, TO SOMEONE WHO HADN'T DESERVED HOW I'D TREATED HIM....MY SON.

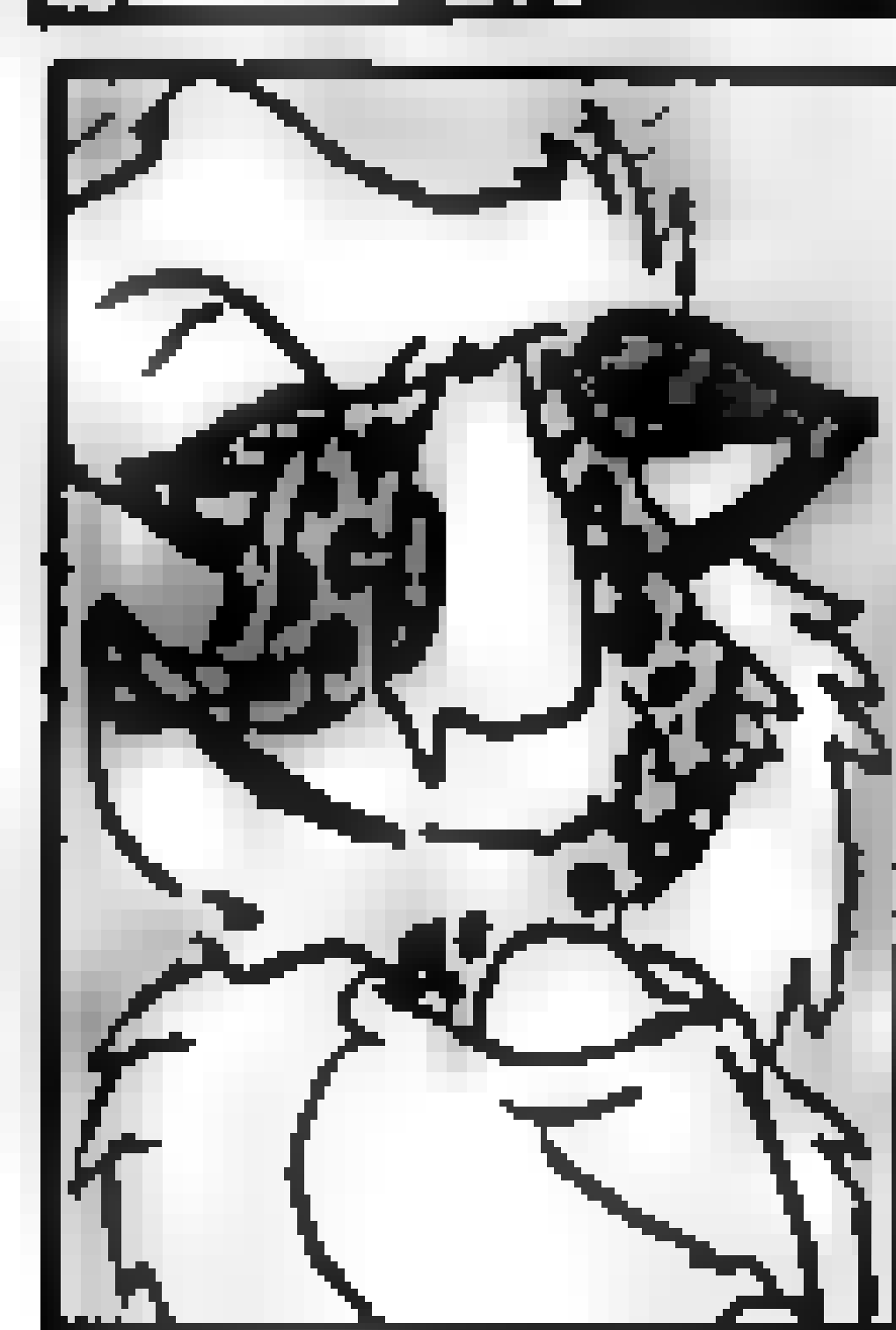
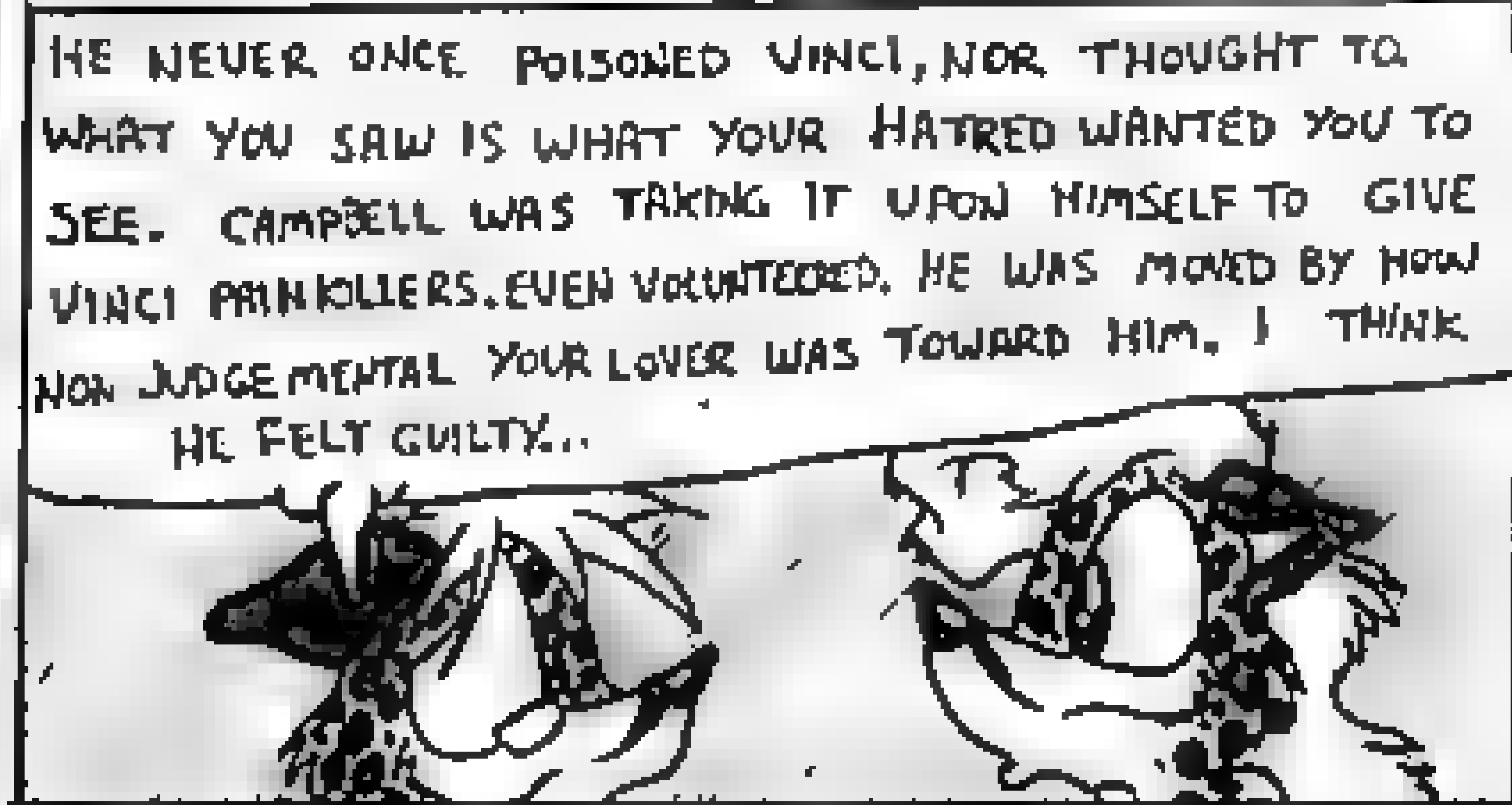


YES, ART. THE TUMOR THAT'S KILLING YOUR LOVER, THAT CANCER, IT'S YOUR ANGER. IT TOOK ON SOLID FORM AND IS FEEDING OFF OF VINCI'S LIFE.



EVERY TIME YOU LET IT GET THE BETTER OF YOU, IT GREW A LITTLE LARGER. NEEDED TO EAT MORE & MORE





I'M READY TO GO BACK.

I DON'T KNOW IF I  
SUCCEEDED.

TIME WILL TELL, LUCAS.

THANK YOU BOTH FOR YOUR  
HELP.

YOU BOTH MAKE A  
GOOD TEAM.

PERHAPS SO. THANK YOU FOR  
HELPING ME FIND HIM.

JUST ANSWERING A PRAYER.

THANK YOU FOR HAVING  
ME ALONG.

MR. SUNSPOT! WAIT! DON'T GO  
IN THERE...!

MR. SUNSPOT...ITS ABOUT  
VINCI. HAVE A SEAT. WE NEED  
TO TALK.

8 MONTHS LATER

PASSOVER  
CEMETERY

WELL, WELL, WELL. IF IT  
ISN'T EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE FAIRY.

OH... HI, JEREMY. GLAD YOU  
COULD COME.

HAVE YOU SEEN — OH! HEY,  
THERE'S YOUR NURSE FRIEND.

HEY, YOU ASKED ME TO BE HERE.  
LIKE I WOULDN'T SHOW UP?

OH, SHIT! YOU ASKED HER TO  
COME TOO??

HOW DO I LOOK? WHAT SHOULD I  
SAY?

NAH, MAN.

HI ARTY! HI GERMY!

NURSE CAMPBELL.... DON'T TELL ME  
YOU'RE TWITTERPATED...

SHE CALLED ME GERMYY..



NICE QUIET PLACE YOU'VE GOT HERE..... I KNOW I SHOULD HAVE COME SOONER, BUT I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO VISIT YOUR GRAVE. I'M SORRY I'VE BEEN SO SELFISH. YOU'RE RIGHT. ITS LIKE CANCER. IT TAKES OVER YOUR MIND, YOUR BODY, EVERYTHING. YOU FORGET WHAT'S IMPORTANT.



IT'S BEEN HARD WITHOUT YOU. THESE LAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN HELL. I HAD A LOT OF THINKING TO DO. A LOT OF FORGIVING AS WELL.



I GUESS IT'S BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, BUT I'VE FINALLY LET IT ALL GO. I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'VE GONE INTO REMISSION.



ARTY...?



MAKE THAT TWO OF US.. I LOVE YOU TOO, DAD.



YOU'RE LATE.



TTFN 2021  
4/1/3  
00:38 PST  
WRITTEN BY:  
VINCI FRUIT